

The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

VOL. VIII.—NO. 13.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 28, 1871.

WHOLE NO. 195

Editorial Notes.

"Swedenborg's Doctrine of Marriage in Heaven—the Best Purifier of Marriage on Earth," will be the subject of a lecture by Samuel Leavitt, on Sunday morning next, at eleven o'clock, in the hall, southwest corner of Eighth avenue and Sixteenth street.

Fanny Fern thinks there are two sides to the matter of coming home after a summer vacation. It is all well to talk poetically about "home, sweet home," and go into ecstasies over fresh air and elbow-room; but cleaning carpets, washing paint, putting things to rights and making children's clothes are very prosy, matter-of-fact operations which nobody likes to engage in. Mrs. Fern has a wonderful faculty of taking all the sentiment and romance out of subjects and letting common-sense into them.

Mrs. Celia Burleigh well says: "I hold among the best things that the world has in its keeping the friendship of good women, the coming together of such women for something better than mere amusement, or to while away an idle half hour; with a desire for self-improvement, with the earnest wish to make the most and the best of their powers, to be helpful to each other and to humanity, to illustrate the dignity and the power of a cultivated, thoughtful and self-centered womanhood. To promote these ends, I wish every village and neighborhood might have a Woman's Club." We sincerely hope her suggestion will be heeded, and at once.

The *Sunday Times* makes the mistake, either wilfully or ignorantly, of confounding THE REVOLUTION with another paper published in this city. In an article entitled "The Best Possible Woman," and having reference to some sentiments expressed in these pages, it takes occasion to give THE REVOLUTION a left-handed compliment, while it covertly insults all women who are interested in the suffrage cause, and makes what would be a libellous attack upon the editors of that paper, had it not taken the precaution to connect their names with another paper instead of their own. Throwing mud at travellers from behind a hedge is simply adding cowardice to willful insult.

The *Milwaukee Sentinel* commends our views as sensible, which is something; and it inveighs against womanolatry, which is more; and it says: "The immense mass of verbiage which gets itself into print from maudlin sentimentalists renders it a serious question whether we ought not to send some of these sex-fascinated writers to a brain infirmary until this passionate madness is overpast." To which all sensible women will

agree. The women we know and associate with—the women who are supremely interested in this cause, and doing their utmost to carry it forward—do not want adoration, but justice. They mean to deserve respect, and they wish the respect and co-operation they deserve.

The *Chicago Advance* says: "A friend lately described to us the process by which subscribers were obtained to a certain notorious organ of the woman's suffrage movement. A lady of personal attractions, and richly dressed, entered the office, in Boston, of a business man, and invited him to subscribe for 'our paper.' At first he refused, with a declaration of opposition; but when, with winning eyes, she looked beseechingly in his face, slipped her arm around his neck, and entreated him not to say 'No,' the man's will gave way, and he drew out the money! Another friend relates to us an account of a similar scene in this city, in which the same lady went through a corresponding programme, and with like success." We have heard of similar scenes in this city, and refer to the matter to express our unqualified reprehension of such procedures. Every true woman connected with our movement will instantly condemn and instinctively frown down such conduct. If any one connected with this paper ever resorts to such a course to obtain a subscriber or an advertisement, we beg to be apprized of the fact that her connection with it may be cancelled at once. We do not mean that the great cause shall suffer through the action of any of our employees or agents with our knowledge.

The senior class at Williams' College have voted not to allow the presence of ladies at Dr. Hopkins' weekly lecture on the catechism, lest their presence might hinder freedom of discussion. What questions could arise from a critical investigation of the Assembly's catechism, which the men and women, whose duty, as supposed by the orthodox, it is to be individually guided by its teachings, might not mutually discuss, we are at a loss to conjecture. Many of the young men who have voted women out of the opportunity of listening to Dr. Hopkins' interesting lectures on the catechism are shortly to go out into the world as expounders of the moral law. Is it any wonder when the colleges and schools of the Church send out young men imbued with such mawkish sentiment, that our pulpits are filled by men who preach dry theology and shirk all searching rebuke of the social sins which are the curse of every congregation in the land to-day? If the moral law cannot be thoroughly and freely discussed before a class of students in the presence of women, of course there must be equal impropriety in expounding it from the pulpit. Those young men of Williams' College have a good deal to learn

or unlearn before they are truly fitted for the work of life.

The Trustees of the Cornell University have the offer of Mr. Sage to build and endow a college for women under consideration. It is proposed to purchase a grand field southeast of the Cascadella Building for the buildings, and the two sets of students will be kept entirely distinct, except as they come together at lectures. To all intents and purposes the colleges will be as separate as though they were a thousand miles apart. This we heartily disapprove. Either put them together or keep them apart; but it is only a provocation and an exasperation to put them side by side and then try by statutes to keep the students of each away from the other. It seems an ingenious device for getting all the disadvantages and none of the advantages of the association. If Cornell is run to please a set of fossils and fogies whose antiquated caprices are always to be considered and gratified, it is not the institution we had supposed it to be. We are satisfied, however, that the experiment of bringing the sexes together in lectures and under the same Board of Trustees will succeed so admirably, if it is once fairly tried, that the restriction will be ultimately removed. Only we hoped the managers of Cornell were equal to such a step at the outset.

Grace Greenwood, in her last letter from Idaho to the *Times*, repeats this little ghost story, told her by a fellow-traveler: "An officer of the commissary, while on one of his business expeditions to one of these mountain tribes, was sitting one night in a wigwam, with several chiefs, smoking and conversing amicably, when suddenly the Indians sprung up with looks of terror and ran out. He followed and inquired the meaning of the stampede, and was told that the ghost of a lately-deceased brave had appeared in their midst. He looked back into the wigwam and saw only the favorite dog of the departed chief, which was behaving very strangely, leaping up and fawning on the air, with every sign of canine delight and affection. The awe-struck Indians said, 'He sees his master.' How they saw him, when the white man could not, I did not learn, nor how long for the dog the vision lingered; but it is pleasant to think that the poor animal's loving demonstrations could not have been cut short by a brutal blow or kick. I think if I were the dog, or the squaw of a noble savage, I should prefer him in such an unsubstantial shape. This animal seership is not a new idea. I remember a beautiful, old picture of the 'Nativity of the Virgin,' by Murillo, I think, in which no one of a large group of elderly gossips and pretty maidens come to see the baby, perceives an angel also looking on with mild interest; but a dog evidently sees the celestial visitor, and is sniffing in an awe-struck manner at his cerulean robes."

ON THE OTHER FOOT.

A very foolish story has gone the rounds of the foolish papers, to the effect that a married woman was lately drawn upon the jury at Cheyenne, Wyoming. The case was an important one, and the woman was kept all night. The husband applied to the court for permission to have his wife sent home, where she had several small children needing a parent's care; but his request was refused, and he straightway employed the best-looking house-keeper he could find, and, at last accounts, was resigned to his fate and quite happy.

To characterize such a fable as silly, hardly does justice to the case. The inventor seems to have been utterly ignorant of the way in which juries are impaneled, and of the fact that when a jury is made up, any one can get excused from serving by showing a good reason for desiring it. But even allowing that a woman, who had several small children and an incompetent husband at home, was impaneled on a jury, and kept away from her family on duty during one night, the case is a supposable one, and the author of the story in question significantly says, "The lesson remains." What is the lesson?

Why, simply this: A wife is unexpectedly detained from home by public duties one night, and her husband flies into a passion and rushes out and engages the best-looking housekeeper he can find to take her place; and this is adduced as an argument against woman's rights.

It is only necessary to look at some counterfeits a moment to detect their spuriousness. They are so badly executed that the cheat is transparent at a glance. Husbands are often called away from home on business and pleasure, and leave their wives and families for weeks, and even months. Oftentimes a wife has many cares and anxieties thrust upon her by the unexpected absence of her husband; and, in many cases, the wife and mother has had to support herself and little ones in consequence of the absence of her husband. When a husband is absent over night, does his wife rush out into the market-place and secure the best-looking man she can find to take his place? When a husband goes away on business or pleasure, does his wife usually make a row about it, and fill the papers with protests against such a state of things, and insinuations that the place he has left vacant will be better filled? Men have served on juries for centuries, and sometimes have been kept from home several days at a time. On their return home, have they often found better-looking men than themselves at the head of the homes they left? It only needs to try this boot on the other foot to see how badly it looks.

We sometimes strongly suspect that most of the arguments against woman's rights are invented by its advocates in order to make the opposition appear ridiculous and contemptible. And the fact that such arguments are eagerly caught and used only shows how sadly pinched for reasons our opponents are.

In this matter of jury service, there are many instances in which a wife can perform the duty far more conveniently, with less loss and less domestic inconvenience, than the husband. Usually, the duty falls heavily upon a business man. It takes him from his affairs

at the worst time. He loses by the service; he attends to its duties impatiently, with mind half-pre-occupied, and thoughts elsewhere; he gets away as soon as possible, sometimes consenting to a verdict in order to escape. There is no question but that our jury service suffers unspeakably, especially in our larger cities, from the fact that the duty falls upon business men who are too much absorbed in their financial affairs to do justice to it, or, if they shirk the labor, its responsibilities fall upon incompetent men. Women generally could perform the duty with less loss and inconvenience, and would perform it more intelligently and faithfully than it is now done by men. It only needs to put this boot on the other foot to see how admirably it fits.

NEWSPAPER RESPONSIBILITY.

Just now we have an epidemic of accidents and crimes, and are threatened with an epidemic of disease. The former are upon us; the latter may not come. That which is, and that which may be, alike must have an adequate cause. How much the newspaper press has had to do with causing this state of affairs, we shall not attempt to define. But we are inclined to think that Rev. Dr. Chapin was guilty of rhetorical exaggeration, at the least, when he said: "It is silently attacking the Malakoffs of vice, and the Redans of evil; its parallels and approaches cannot be resisted." The political press is the slave of politicians and party. It could prevent the election of bad men to office, and is, therefore, responsible for their election.

The love of power, and the ordinary mercenary motives born of necessity and false ideas of the value of wealth, have much to do in lowering the moral standard and influence of the press. Almost all of our secular papers sell their columns for purposes which they know are injurious to society. In many instances, while the editorial columns are unobjectionable to the intelligent and virtuous portions of the community, the advertising columns are prostituted to the very basest of ends, and immorality and vice publish their invitations through them to the world.

Thus, sobriety and drunkenness, vice and virtue, go side by side to country-house, kitchen, and parlor. The first great question of the secular press is, What will the party say? The next, What will the public say? Both of these are controlled by the unexpressed question, Will it pay? Hence, we find the press resisting reforms as long as the popular voice is against them. The rights of the minority of their readers pass for nothing, or are of two little account to receive much notice.

Within a few weeks, the papers of our city have been filled with denunciations of abortionists. There has been a steady shriek over their awful crimes. They have been condemned in bourgeois, blasted in brevier, and consigned to infamy in pica, and dismissed in double leads. All the vials of editorial wrath have been poured upon the heads of the miscreants—vile panderers to the vilest of crimes.

All this is well. There is something tonic and assuring in the tone of the press on this occasion. It gives us hope; yet the solemn and undeniable fact remains that some of these very papers which have exhausted the lan-

guage of vituperation and condemnation in scathing abortionists, advertise their business in displayed type for exorbitant prices, and thus invite and incite weak-minded women to become parties to a crime against nature, society, and God. Hundreds of women are tempted to apply to these infamous quacks—these murderers, oftentimes of two persons at once,—by the cunningly-worded advertisements paraded on the pages of papers which editorially denounce what they advertise—the editorial overshadowing and giving sanction to the crime. Take up one of these papers, and read of the "Female Pills," and "Sure Relief," and the "Unfailing Remedy," "without the possibility of discovery in any case," and it is evident, at a glance, that it is a participant in the crime of the party it advertises; for without its aid he would be without practice. Let the punishment of every crime fall squarely upon the heads of the guilty parties, whosoever they may be. But, in dividing our censure among the criminals, we must not spare the papers which have pointed out places where a deadly trade is carried on, and promised secrecy and safety to whosoever resorted to them for relief; which set forth the virtues of specifics which are poison and drugs which are death. It may not be possible to punish these culprits by sentence of court; but they should be arraigned and condemned by public opinion, and made to feel the keen edge of public censure in loss of patronage and circulation.

KEEPING THE HOUSE.

One of the standing complaints against women who insist on the enfranchisement of their sex is that they are poor housekeepers. They sacrifice home to public interests and agitations. They neglect the cares, duties, and occupations which go to make domestic life beautiful and satisfying, to rush into public excitements and storm upon platforms. They are poor wives, bad housekeepers, and negligent mothers; and because they find their homes cheerless, and the maternal sources of content and joy dried up, they ventilate their dissatisfaction in the papers and upon the rostrum. And the movement that these women represent aims to universalize this domestic disorder, and would make the homes of the earth unbearably bleak and bad.

Very likely there are just instances enough of domestic neglect and infelicity among the advocates of woman's enfranchisement to give color to this complaint. But poor housekeepers are not confined to woman suffragists. There are scores and hundreds of women who hate the very name of "woman's rights," who cannot make bread, nor cook a beef-steak well, nor put a room in order. Incompetent wives—why the country is full of them! Poor housekeepers—every village abounds in them! Domestic infelicity—who does not know of a score of instances among people who regard the women movement as an abomination? To hear our opponents talk, one would get the idea that all the bad cooking, and poor housekeeping, and applicants for divorce, are to be found in our ranks, when, in fact, we have less than our share, rather than more. As a rule, the women who have intelligence and energy of character enough to stand out in open advocacy of the woman movement, have the sense, the indus-

try, the force, and the common sense, to manage their domestic affairs to their own satisfaction and that of their households. We know of no homes in the world so well managed as some of those that are presided over by women who are the standard-bearers of our cause, as well as model wives and mothers.

Of course, there are many women interested in our cause who have no houses to keep, no husbands to take care of, no children to clothe and educate; and to arraign them for not doing what they would gladly do, and in a splendid way were the work given them, is both unjust and nonsensical. Many married women have no households of their own; they cannot afford a modern establishment with its outfit of upholstery and retinue of servants; and they board in order to save needless expense, and save time, that would be otherwise wasted, for better things than boiling potatoes and baking bread. It does not follow that every married woman shall keep house, any more than that every married woman shall cut and make her husband's clothes and her own.

Each person must do what he or she is best fitted for; and so long as husband and wife manage the details of their life in a way most conducive to their own welfare and happiness, the world has no business to meddle or complain. But there is no antagonism between the ballot and the bread-trough. Good housekeeping and good citizenship are not arrayed against each other in eternal conflict. We utterly repudiate the idea that the woman movement wars upon or weakens home in any of its legitimate operations or accessories. Rather is it calculated to improve and elevate domestic life, by throwing new protections around it, a new intelligence into it, and new sanctities over it. Woman needs the ballot in order that she may build her home upon impregnable foundations, and surround it with legal protections and moral barriers which shall keep it forever sacred. And the women who are supremely interested in our cause, are rooted and grounded in home attachments and responsibilities, and draw their inspiration for their public work from the wrongs they have seen wives and mothers suffer, and the ideal of domestic happiness they would help all women realize.

We wish that every woman interested in our cause could see the importance of putting her own house in the best possible order, if she has a house to put in order; not merely for the sake of silencing the cavil of critics, though that is something—and it would be a grand thing to be able to point to the homes of the women who represent our cause as standing and beautiful refutations of all splenetic criticism—but principally, because home is the great central institution of the world, the nursery of the race, the Eden which we are to make a heaven. The better, the pleasanter, the more attractive, the happier we make home, the more shall we contribute to the force of goodness in the world. There is no barrier against evil, no breakwater against vice, no school of virtue, no fountain of pure and holy joy on earth that equals a truly happy home. And in making such, we build an impregnable fortress against the only enemy we have reason to fear—the enemy of souls. The woman who makes such a home, and fills it with order and beauty, love and peace, demonstrates her fitness for the duties

and obligations of citizenship; and only those who are blinded with passion, or blindfolded with prejudice, can fail to see that the genius which sets a house in perfect order is allied to that of the highest statesmanship.

MANLY WOMEN.

Elizabeth Peckham, the young and gifted Universalist preacher, of Milwaukee, has a finely written and suggestive article, with the above title, in the *Golden Age*, in which she says: "To-day, we hear much of masculine, mannish, strong-minded women; but the most unlovely of them all is nature's protest against one-sidedness—against the feeble shadows of womanhood whom we have been pleased to term womanly; women without power or purpose, or royalty, whose purple is all gone when the pink of the cheek is faded, and richer women are coming to themselves and their own. Put it at its worst, that they are mannish, not manly; shall we shrink from the unlovely fact, instead of grasping it to find its meaning? Woman suffrage is the practical American form of asserting our claim to Minerva's parentage. Sprung from Jupiter's brain, we have a right to his thought, and to enter intellectually into all his life; to be manly as well as womanly, for only thus can we express the universe. Is it worth while to fight the gods? Can you thwart all the intricate machinery that nature has made to this end?"

"But all hint at social questions makes the world quiver at its core; for men and women are the two terms of the world, and to make clear their relations would be to solve the problem of life. Genesis is the beginning of the Word of God, the first chapter of Revelation. And if it be written by divine inspiration, we shall not pause till we reach the vision and the glory which came to St. John on the Isle of Patmos—"a new heaven and a new earth." It is not strange, when we think of it, that the dream of the woman's heart forever attracts the man. It was part of him before all other things were, and grows nearer to him when all else fades. In the mysterious interaction of forces, he is always seeking to have her light refine his fire, for heat and light are but different modes of motion, conserving and interchanging with each other.

"In a large sense, we know no sin. No man has deliberately turned his back on God. Like the old philosophers, he was looking at the stars when he tumbled in the ditch. A divine hunger is behind the coarsest satisfactions. It is possible that nature, in ways which seem to you foolish and coarse, (are you foolish or coarse yourself that anything should seem so to you?) is building slowly to satisfy this need. Even the most mannish woman and the jangling of woman suffrage conventions may have fine meanings that you have not reached. Meet them reverently, and perhaps you may win their meaning. Are you not certain that the coarsest body has some fine soul within it to hold it together, or else it would fly back to its original matter? It is this I search for in all men and women, in all facts and systems.

The Parker Fraternity course of lectures, in Boston, will be opened by Miss Anna E. Dickenson, October 10. Her subject is "Demagogues and Workmen."

A WEDDING GIFT.

All that I have this day is thine,
A heart whose faith has never falter'd,
A love that knew no other shrine
And through all changes live unalter'd.
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Thine all their love and faith should be;
Had I a thousand years to live,
I'd gladly spend them all with thee.

There's not a joy in all the world
Like that of love beyond deceiving,
Though bolt on bolt be at it hurled,
The heart will triumph—when believing.
This day my joy hath sov'reign sway—
A joy which but with thee I know,
The rapture of a first, fond love
Which, wedded, makes a heaven below!

RAE BROWN.

ALICE CARY'S LOVE.

In your issue of August 31st, there appears a contradiction of the story first printed in the *Chicago Republican*, in regard to an attachment of Alice Cary for Dr. R. W. Griswold—an expected marriage and subsequent separation, etc., etc. This story, when it appeared, seemed ridiculous to many of the friends of the Cary family, who believed in its inconsistency and untruth. Its denial on the part of the friends of Dr. Griswold is very graceful and proper.

It was my good fortune to be acquainted with the Cary girls, at whose house he has many times met Dr. Griswold socially, at "breakfasts and teas," where they were in the habit of entertaining their literary and social friends. During many years this intimacy was kept up, and in the life-time, and since the death of Dr. Griswold; yet, during the whole time, the relation referred to with Dr. Griswold was distinctly disclaimed by both the Cary girls, and for specific reasons. Alice Cary possessed a most sensitive and refined nature, with a large and appreciative heart; but neither Dr. Griswold nor the two other distinguished gentlemen now deceased, that have been mentioned heretofore as having sought her hand, succeeded in obtaining it, for the reason that while she appreciated their talent and love of letters, she could never feel to let either of them into her inner heart for the journey of life. She was charitable and kind-hearted, but could never approve of their worldliness, or sympathize with what she called *material pleasures* to the exclusion of a high and spiritual existence; and she chose to "never wed" than wed a worldly man.

A.

Boston, Sept. 13th, 1871.

HARVEST.

Sun-bathed and blest in the golden weather,
Crowned for delight or crowned for pain,
Sheaved as ripe grain of the field together,
Covered with love from the possible rain—
One are the hearts that were yesterday twain.

Either has wandered a separate river,
Half of its course through the meadows of Time;
Here, at the junction, the floodgates deliver
All of the wealth they have gathered betime—
Each unto each in a rhythm sublime.

Rapturous moment of full-fruited gleaming!
Rapturous blending of spirit with kin!
One in the heavens but knoweth the meaning
Of tenderest mystery hidden within
This meeting of waters, this harvested sheen.

MARY B. DODGE.

Special Correspondence.

MISS ANTHONY IN OREGON.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The last week of August Mrs. Stanton and myself left California, after an absence of three months from home. She returns to her New Jersey cottage to see her four youngest children off to college and boarding-school; I come to this far-off Oregon to continue the work of rousing the women of this Pacific slope to a knowledge of the fact of their enfranchisement.

Our last meetings were at Santa Cruz, in the beautiful little Unitarian church built during the pastorate of Rev. C. G. Ames in that city, where we were the guests of Mrs. Ellen R. Van Volkenburg, a tax-paying widow with three children, whose name the County Clerk refused to register, and who, through her attorney, Judge Hagan, carried the question before the District Judge, McKee, of Oakland, and after a full three days' arguing of the case, pro and con, before large audiences, Judge Hagan most ably presenting our claim under the original Constitutional guarantees for equal rights to all citizens, as well as the more specific securities of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments; Judge McKee, echoing the author, Judge Bingham, of Ohio, of those recent assertions, decided that women are citizens only in matters pertaining to civil rights, and not at all in those pertaining to political rights. Mrs. Van Volkenburg will not stop with such a decision, but will at once appeal to the higher courts—directly to the United States Supreme Court at Washington, if such a thing be possible as to jump the Circuit Court of the State.

If any of the friends in Santa Cruz had any doubt as to the wisdom of this "women already voters" "new departure," they quickly vanished. Men who had never given a thought to the question were debating it at every street corner, and saying: "Well, neighbor, what do you think about Judge McKee's decision? I always thought that what I call my wife was a real entity, but now I find that she is nothing. Really, it is too bad for the Judge to snatch from us husbands the fancy that what we loved was something and somebody!"

Whole months of protracted discussions by woman suffrage advocates would not have so awakened the men of all classes as did this three days' argument in the court-room by Government officials. Oh! if only all the woman suffrage newspapers and lecturers could but have seen this *new occasion*, and attuned all their words and actions to its *new duties*, what revivals, what conversions, what hosts of new workers should we have rejoiced over to-day! With THE REVOLUTION and Woman's Journal on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and the Pioneer and New Northwest on this side, all as one voice shouting their earnest appeals from week to week during the past eight months, urging every woman—especially every tax-paying widow—to tender her name and her vote to the proper officers of her election district, and, if rejected, to sue them in the courts, we should have had tens of thousands of court-room scenes like this one of Santa Cruz, and through them the entire nation, all ablaze with enthusiasm, ready to accept the situation, viz.: Women are persons—hence citizens—hence voters;

endowed, not only by their Creator, but by their Government also, with "the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." But, perchance, the historic "Forty Years in the Wilderness" dispensation might have been interfered with by such unity of purpose and plan in our ranks; and hence, each person, party and paper given over to the advocacy of some pet route, apart from all the others, to the goal each and all so much desire to reach, may be a part of the "how not to do it" scheme of the arch enemy of woman's freedom, to which we should bow as to the inevitable.

The *New Northwest*, published here by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, says you do not come in exchange. Of course it is an oversight, for you cannot but wish to recognize this *New Northwest* auxiliary to our ranks. Mrs. Duniway is a sprightly, intelligent young woman, filling the office of wife and mother to the full requirement of the law, having five sons and one daughter. She has been successful as a farmer's wife, school-teacher, music-teacher, public speaker, milliner, dressmaker and housekeeper, and her life has not yet reached its meridian. Her newspaper is sprightly, vigorous and prosperous; her three oldest sons—boys from sixteen to ten—set the type; her daughter—a fine musician—will sing a woman suffrage campaign song, composed by her mother, at my lecture on the 6th; her husband—a sensible man—is proud that his wife possesses brains and self-respect to use them.

PORTLAND, OREGON, September 4th, 1871. S. B. A.

A CONVERSION AND CORRECTION.

We are glad to see the following candid and noble letter from Miss Alice Dutton, in the *Golden Age* of last week. We hope it will encourage many others who have been converted to our cause, to make a similar avowal of their change: "By reason of a mistake, for which I alone am responsible, a large number of circulars, advertising my lectures for the coming season, have gone forth among the various associations throughout the country, proclaiming me among the opposers of the woman suffrage movement.

"At the time of their distribution this was partially true, but, since then, I have become convinced that my only two points of objection were based upon a fallacy, and in the face of this conviction, I feel in duty bound to my patrons, to inform them publicly, that I now stand ranked—in heart, soul, and brain—with the woman suffrage party, and hold myself pledged, henceforth, to further, with all the power that in me lies, that party's highest interests.

"Although I might go unchallenged upon the subject through the winter, my new lecture having no reference to that side of the woman question, and, although, I am as anxious for success as any man or woman in my place would be, and will as deeply feel the inevitable loss of engagements consequent upon this confession, I have no notion of sailing into harbor safely under false colors.

"To disarm, as far as may be, the censure which undoubtedly awaits my change of principle, let me remind my friends of the fact, that who never changes an opinion never corrects a fault.

"In closing, I wish to say to my sister women, who are opposing this movement, that I

conscientiously believe that in gaining for us the privilege of the ballot—as they most surely will—the woman suffrage party will place the salvation of America in the only hands that have the power to save it, and that just as surely as this world goes round, the time is shortly coming when every woman who has raised her voice against the effort will feel as St. Paul must have felt when he remembered that he had seen Stephen stoned.

ALICE DUTTON.

CASTLETON, VT., Sept. 18, 1871.

PAINT AND POWDER.

Woman needs no mask, no rouge, no deceitful appliances, and nature has given her none, save those ever-varying shadows which the Spirit throws down upon her features.

God intended that her face should be a grand focus, where the rays from within could be centred and those from without reflected; and when I meet one of my sex with stained cheek and alabaster face, I recognize the littleness of intellect that prompts this subterfuge. At the same time, I acknowledge the honesty of soul which can, unbeknown to its possessor, write with paint and powder the unmistakable word—*sham!*

LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

Notes About Women.

—Miss Ida Glenwood, a new Western lecturer, of remarkable power and attractions, is entirely blind.

—Hon. James P. Newcomb, in a speech at a grand mass meeting, at San Antonio, Tex., came out strongly in favor of woman suffrage.

—Among the lamp-lighters in Milwaukee, Wis., is a little girl, ten years old, who makes her rounds in all kinds of weather, and runs up the ladder like a squirrel, while her elderly mother watches for her safety below.

—Mrs. Swisshelm has concluded that the attempt to discuss both the Old and New Testament view of woman's sphere in one lecture, is too much, and has divided it into two, "Thorns and Thistles," and "Paul and Women."

—Lady journalists are becoming more common on the press, and are both gaining and deserving honors. Miss Knight, of the Charlestown (Massachusetts) *Saturday Chronicle*, promises to make her mark among them, and, though very modest, has already shown considerable talent as an editor.

—Madames Thiers and MacMahon edited the *Parisians*, two or three Sundays ago, by holding plates for a collection at the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Paris, and the papers thought it of sufficient importance to say that Madame Thiers wore black, as usual, while Marshal MacMahon's wife wore "a pretty, white muslin dress."

—The *Congregationalist* remarks that new departures are visible in various directions. We note, with particular interest, the disposition of churches to employ ladies to assist pastors in such duties as may suit their tastes and talents. "Assistant pastors" they are sometimes called, and sometimes deaconesses. The name is not so important. The fact is to be commended.

The Revolution.

—Josie Mitchell, a strong-minded young woman, poor herself, but having a number of rich relatives in Missouri, determined to make her own livelihood rather than be supported by others. She accordingly became a telegraph operator in St. Charles, and had not been there two years before she received her reward in the form of a legacy of \$200,000 left her by an uncle.

—Salem, Mass., regrets the loss of a centenarian. The venerable Mrs. Elizabeth Gray, who was one hundred years old last month, expired Thursday morning, without pain and without previous sickness, other than the exhaustion produced by an entire failure of strength and appetite for about a week previous to her death. She was a direct descendant of Gov. Endicott.

—At the late election in Wyoming the women generally turned out, and we have heard of no riots, insults, or social catastrophes, or disasters, any more than there would be at a church, a ball, a theatre, or any other place where men and women congregate. Nor is this all; we have not heard of a single divorce suit in Wyoming growing out of the enfranchisement of women.

—Mary Andreef, an accomplished Russian lady of decidedly progressive ideas, has come to this country with a view to making it her permanent home. She is a thorough scholar, and has had large experience as a teacher of the French and German languages, besides her own which she speaks and writes with purity and elegance. She would like a few pupils or a situation as a teacher. Address 235 West Twenty-fourth street.

—Santa Cruz has been excited over a recent attempt made to prove the right of women to vote, a constitutional privilege which could not be denied under the XVth amendment. The plaintiff was Mrs. Van Valkenburg, who brought suit against the County Clerk. The case was tried in the District Court, before Judge S. Bell McKee. Judge Hagan argued the case ably. The motion was denied, but Mrs. Valkenburg proposes to bring the question before the Supreme Court.

—Indiana is a State which appreciates women lecturers. The Y. M. C. A., of Indianapolis, had seven lectures last year—four by women and three by men. They cleared money on the women, and lost it on the men. Olive Logan gave two of the lectures, Anna Dickinson one, and Mrs. Livermore one. To Miss Logan and Miss Dickinson they paid \$200 per lecture; to the others \$100 or less. On Olive Logan they made a clear profit of \$415; on Anna Dickinson \$196; and on Mrs. Livermore \$24.

—Mrs. Margaret Livingston Cady, wife of Judge Daniel Cady, of Johnstown, N. Y., and mother of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, has gone home, at the full ripe age of eighty-seven. Her name headed the largest petition sent to the last Constitutional Convention of New York, asking to have the word "male" stricken from the Constitution. She often expressed a wish to be enfranchised before entering the kingdom of heaven; but justice, with tardy pace, lagged far behind her ideas. One of the best of women has passed from earth into the better land.

—John Randolph was engaged to a very beautiful young Virginian, who lived near the

Randolph place. One day the lover was seen to quit the lady's residence in what might be described as a "state of mind." It turned out that the father of the lady had proposed that Mr. Randolph should settle a sum of money upon the bride, whereupon the spirited lover remarked: "It is not my purpose to purchase. When I desire to purchase, I shall go to the cheapest market—I shall go to Africa." With this he left the house, went to where his horse was tied, cut the reins, and immediately disappeared.

—The *Athenæum* states that an extensive work on the History of Mary Stuart of Scotland, by Professor Petit, of Beauvais, is nearly ready for publication. The professor has been engaged upon it for the last ten years, and has spared neither money nor labor in order to lay before the world such an accumulation of evidence relative to the unfortunate Queen of Scots as has never yet been made public. The work is intended by the author to prove a complete justification of the Queen from the charges brought against her. It will be in two large quarto volumes, an English translation of which will be published before the original in French.

—Mrs. Celia Burleigh gives a very pleasant account of the Woman's Club in Brooklyn, in which she pays a high compliment to the editor of this paper, now absent in Europe; and in her absence we take the liberty of quoting it, at the risk of incurring her displeasure: "Laura Curtis Bullard, the first Vice-President of the Club, for the last year absent in Europe, is expected home in the course of the present month, and her return will no doubt give a new impetus to its beneficent activities. Mrs. Bullard is a beautiful, cultured, and large-hearted woman, devoted to her own sex, and heartily believing that the best interests of woman and humanity are identical. Not a partisan, not in any sense a fanatic or extremist, she will bring to the Club ripe culture, practical good sense, and warm sympathies."

—The English workman's wife is, in nine cases out of ten, a woman of very imperfect or of no education, who knows next to nothing of domestic economy. Her principal idea of cooking is to take a joint to the neighboring baker and have it baked in his oven without trouble to herself. She does not know how to make soups, broths, stews, or savory dishes, or how to convert a pound of meat, by the aid of vegetables and condiments, into a dish satisfying alike to the palates and stomachs of three or four, or even half a dozen people. The Scottish women, of the same class, are much better instructed, and can do as much with half a crown in the sustenance of their families, without stinting them, as an Englishwoman can with four or five shillings. So, after all, the alphabet is a good investment, and cookery and culture have an appreciable relation to each other.

—Mrs. Burleigh writes as follows of one of our Brooklyn friends: "Miss Kate Hillard, another of its Vice-Presidents, well known in literature by her *nom de plume* of 'Lucy Fountain,' is just from the Adirondacks, her fine powers intensified by contact with nature, her soul aglow with the inspiration caught from the woods and mountains. A literary woman *par excellence*, Miss Hillard gives but a languid response to the tocsin of reform. Singularly

happy in her organization, rich in attainments, bearing about with her the twin talisman of genius and fine breeding, demanding at the counter of the world the satisfaction of her wants in one of the sweetest voices that ever blessed a woman, and finding everything granted as soon as asked, she is a little puzzled to know what is amiss with her less fortunate sisters. Finding all doors flying open at her approach, it is a little difficult for her to understand that less favored women find every door barred, and often knock long and vainly for admittance to their own. And yet she has quick sympathies, generous impulses, wishes well to every good cause, and is ready to give aid and comfort, providing she can give it in her own way."

—A young man in the East wished to marry the daughter of a prosperous merchant, but he had no money with which to back his suit. He was therefore declined as a son-in-law, and so he went to the Pacific coast to seek his fortune. He sought gold everywhere, but found little; and at last, after years of labor and hardship, determined to return to his old home. He engaged his passage from San Francisco, when he encountered his early love, now near middle age, who, with her brother, had gone in quest of her old lover. Her parents and all her near relatives had died, save her companion. She was wealthy, and only too happy to give her fortune, with her hand and heart, to the man who had struggled valiantly, and failed to earn the meed of toil. The twain were wedded, and returned to the East with the dream of love as bright and fresh to them as it had been years before. Even this practical age cannot extinguish the poetry of affection, devotion and romance.

—Mrs. Swisshelm has read the story of the Auburn girl who ran away with an engineer, dressed in man's attire, and turned fireman, and then sold apples at the corner of the streets; but she does not put so high an estimate on that particular method of conduct as some of the editors who give currency to the pretty fable. She says: "Those model women who sacrifice every duty in life to the one grand passion, and play troubadour in firemen's costume, are so unapproachable in their sublime heroism that we might as well try to make all women geniuses as to require them all to be troubadours. This superior vocation is only open to the young and fascinating. Any one would be disgusted with a homely, old, woman-fireman, or one who should adopt the profession to win bread for her fatherless children; and so the homely majority need to 'grab' for the right of equal wages for equal work, for the right to say, authoritatively, that that Christian civilization which has been reached through the prayers and labors, the martyrdom and death of thousands of Christian women, shall not be sacrificed now at the bidding of the old enemies—Poetry and Paganism. The Christian women of this age—the successors of those who have died for civil and religious liberty in the Roman amphitheatre, on the bloody fields of France and Spain, amid the mountains of Scotland, and on the plains of Holland, of those who have preached Christ amid the flames, and sang His praises in their open graves—may have some nobler work to do than running away with young engineers and selling apples in man's attire."

Selected Story.

TELL YOUR WIFE.

"Tell my wife!" said Aaron Little, speaking aloud, yet to himself, in a half-amused, half-troubled way. "Tell my wife, indeed! Much good that will do! What does she know about business, and money matters, and the tricks of trade? No, no; there's no hope there."

And Aaron Little sat musing with a perplexed countenance. He held a newspaper in his hand, and his eyes had just been lingering over a paragraph, in which the writer suggested to business men in trouble the propriety of consulting their wives:

"Talk to them freely about your affairs," it said. "Let them understand exactly your condition. Tell them of your difficulties, of your embarrassments, and your plans for extricating yourselves from the entanglements in which you are involved. My word for it, you will get help in nine cases out of ten. Women have quick perceptions. They reach conclusions by a nearer way than reasoning, and get at the solution of a difficult question, long before your slow moving thoughts bring you near enough for accurate observation. Tell your wives, then, men in trouble, all about your affairs! Keep nothing back. The better they understand the matter, the clearer will be their perceptions."

"All a very fine theory," said Aaron Little, tossing the newspaper from him, and leaning back in his chair. "But it won't do in my case. Tell Betsy! Yes, I'd like to see myself doing it. A man must be hard pushed indeed, when he goes home to consult his wife on business affairs."

And so Aaron Little dismissed the subject. He was in considerable doubt and perplexity of mind. Things had not gone well with him for a year past. Dull business and bad debts had left his affairs in rather an unpromising condition. He could not see his way clear for the future. Taking trade as it had been for the past six months, he could not imagine how, with the resources at his command, his maturing payments were to be made.

"I must get more capital," he said to himself. "That is plain. And with more capital must come in a partner. I don't like partnerships. It is so difficult for two men to work together harmoniously. Then you may get entangled with a rogue. It's a risky business. But I see no other way out of this trouble. My own capital is too light for the business I am doing; and as a measure of safety more must be brought in. Lawrence is anxious to join me, and says he can command ten thousand pounds. I don't like him in all respects; he's a little too fond of pleasure. But I want his money more than his aid in the business. He might remain a silent partner if he chose. I'll call and see him this very night, and have a little talk on the subject. If he can bring in ten thousand pounds, I think that will settle the matter."

With this conclusion in his mind, Aaron Little returned home, after closing his warehouse for the day. Tea being over, he made preparation for going out, with the intention of calling upon Mr. Lawrence. As he reached his hand for his great-coat, a voice seemed to say to him:

"Tell your wife. Talk to her about it" But he rejected the thought instantly, and commenced drawing on his coat.

"Where are you going, Aaron?" asked Mrs. Little, coming forth from the dining-room.

"Out for a little while," he replied. "I'll be back in half an hour or so."

"Out where?"

"Tell her, Aaron. Tell her all about it," said the voice, speaking in his mind.

"Nonsense! She don't understand anything about business. She can't help me," he answered firmly.

"Tell your wife!" The words were in his mind, and would keep repeating themselves.

"Can't you say where you are going, Aaron? Why do you make a mystery of it?"

"Oh, it's only on a matter of business. I'm going to see Mr. Lawrence."

"Edward Lawrence!"

"Yes."

"Tell your wife!" The words seemed almost as if uttered aloud in his ears.

"What are you going to see him about?"

"Tell her!"

Mr. Little stood irresolute. What good would telling her do?

"What's the matter, Aaron? You've been dull for some time past. Nothing going wrong with you, I hope?" And his wife laid her hand upon his arm, and leaned towards him in a kind way.

"Nothing very wrong," he answered in an evasive manner. "Business has been dull this season."

"Has it? I'm sorry. Why didn't you tell me?"

"What good would that have done?"

"It might have done a great deal of good. When a man's business is dull, his wife should look to the household expenses; but if she knows nothing about it, she may go on in a way that is really extravagant under the circumstances. I think that men ought always to tell their wives, when anything is going wrong."

"You do?"

"Certainly I do. What better reason can you want than the one I have given? If she knows that the income is reduced, as a prudent wife, she will endeavor to reduce the expenses. Hadn't you better take off your coat, and sit down and talk with me a little, before you go to see Mr. Lawrence?"

Mr. Little permitted his wife to draw off his overcoat, which she took into the passage and replaced on the hat-rack. Then returning into the parlor, she said:

"Now, Aaron, talk to me as freely as you choose. Don't keep anything back. Whatever the trouble is, let me know it to the full extent."

"Oh, there's no very great trouble yet. I am only afraid of trouble. I see it coming, and wish to keep out of its way, Betsy."

"That's wise and prudent," said his wife. "Now tell me why you are going to see Mr. Lawrence."

Mr. Little let his eyes fall to the floor, and sat for some moments in silence. Then looking up, he said:

"The truth is, Betsy, I must have more capital in my business. There will be no getting on without it. Now Mr. Lawrence can command, or at least says he can command, ten thousand pounds. I think he would like to

join me. He has said as much two or three times."

"And you were going to see him on that business?"

"I was."

"Don't do it," said Mrs. Little, emphatically.

"Why not?" asked Aaron.

"Because he isn't the man for you—not if he had twenty thousand pounds."

"Because is no reason," replied Aaron Little.

"The extravagance of his wife is," was answered firmly.

"What do you know about her?"

"Only what I have seen. I've called on her two or three times, and have noticed the style in which her house is furnished. It is arrayed in palace attire, compared with ours. And as for dress, it would take the interest of a little fortune to pay her milliner's and mantua-maker's bills. No, no, Aaron; Mr. Lawrence isn't your man, depend on it. He'd use up the ten thousand pounds in less than two years."

"Well, Betsy, that's pretty clear talk," said Mr. Little, taking a long breath. "I'm rather afraid, after what you say, that Mr. Lawrence is not my man. But what am I to do?" and his voice fell into a troubled tone. "I must have more capital; or——" Mr. Little paused.

"Or what?" His wife looked at him steadily, and without any sign of weak anxiety.

"Or I may become bankrupt."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Aaron," and Mrs. Little's voice trembled perceptibly. "But I'm glad you've told me. The new parlor carpet, of course, I shall not order."

"Oh, as to that, the amount it will cost can make no great difference," said Mr. Little. "The parlor does look shabby; and I know you've set your heart on a new carpet."

"Indeed, and it *will* make a difference, then," replied the little woman in her decided way. "The last feather breaks the camel's back. Aaron Little shall never fail because of his wife's extravagance. I wouldn't have a new carpet now if it were offered to me at half price."

"You are a brave, true woman, Betsy," said Aaron, kissing his wife, in the glow of a new-born feeling of admiration.

"I hope that I shall ever be a true, brave wife," returned Mrs. Little, "willing always to help my husband, either in saving or in earning, as the case may be. But let us talk more about your affairs; let me see the trouble nearer. Must you have ten thousand pounds right away?"

"Oh, no, no; it's not so bad as that. I was only looking ahead, and seeking to provide the means for approaching payments. I don't want a partner as far as the business itself is concerned. I don't like partnerships; they are almost always accompanied with annoyances or danger. It was the money I was after; not the man."

"The money would come dearly at the price of the man, if you took Mr. Lawrence for a partner. At least that is my opinion. But I am glad to hear you say, Aaron, that you are in no immediate danger. May not the storm be weathered by reefing sail, as the sailors say?"

"By reducing expenses?"

"Yes."

Mr. Little shook his head.

"Don't say no too quickly," replied his wife. "Let us go over the whole matter at home and at the store. Suppose one or two thousand pounds were saved in the year, what difference would that make?"

"Oh, if that were possible, which it is not, it would make a vast difference in the long run, but would hardly meet the difficulties that are approaching."

"Suppose you had five hundred pounds within the next two months, beyond what your business will give you?"

"That sum would make all safe for the two months. But where is the five hundred pounds to come from, Betsy?"

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies," replied the brave little woman, in a resolute way. "I'm not afraid of the red flag."

"What do you mean by the red flag?"

"Let us sell off our furniture at auction, and put the money in your business. It won't bring less than five hundred pounds; and it may bring more. My piano alone is worth nearly a hundred. We can board for a year or two, and when you get all right again, return to housekeeping."

"We won't try that yet, Betsy," said Mr. Little.

"But something must be done. The disease is threatening, and my first prescription will arrest its violence. I have something more to propose. It comes into my mind this instant; after breaking up we will go to mother's. You know she never wanted us to leave there. It won't cost us much over half what it does now, taking rent into the account. We will pay sister Annie something to take the care of little Eddie and Lizzie through the day, and I will go into your warehouse as chief clerk."

"Betsy! you're crazy."

"Not a bit of it, Aaron; but a sensible woman, as you will find before you're a year older, if you'll let me have my way. I don't like that Hobson, and never did, as you know. I don't believe he's a fair man. Let me take his place, and you will make a clear three hundred pounds a year; and, maybe, as much more."

"I can't think of it, Betsy. Let us wait awhile."

"You must think of it, and we won't wait awhile," replied the resolute wife. "What is right to be done is best done quickly. Is there not safety in my plan?"

"Yes, I think there is; but—"

"Then let us adopt it at once, and throw all butts overboard, or," and she looked at him a little mischievously, "perhaps you would rather have some talk with Mr. Lawrence first?"

"Hang Mr. Lawrence!" ejaculated Aaron Little.

"Very well; there being no help in Mr. Lawrence, we will go to work to help ourselves. Self-help, I've heard it said, is always the best help, and most to be depended on. We may know ourselves and trust ourselves; and that is a great deal more than we can say about other people. When shall we have the sale?"

"Not so fast, Betsy, not so fast. I haven't agreed to the sale yet. That would be to make a certain loss. Furniture sold at auction never realizes above half its cost."

"It would be a certain gain, Aaron, if it

saved you from bankruptcy, with which, as I understand it, you are threatened."

"I think," said Aaron, "we may get on without that. I like the idea of your coming into my warehouse and taking Hobson's place. All the money from retail sales passes through his hands, and he has it in his power, if not honest, to rob me seriously. I've not felt altogether easy in regard to him of late. Why, I can hardly tell. I've seen nothing wrong. But, if you take his place, three hundred pounds will be saved certainly."

"But if I have my house to keep," Mrs. Little answered to this, "how can I help you at the warehouse? The first thing in order is to get the house off my hands."

"Don't you think that Annie could be induced to come and live with us for a few months until we try this new experiment?"

"But the money, Aaron; the money this furniture would bring! That's what I'm looking after. You want money now."

"Very true."

"Then let us hang out the red flag. Half-way measures may only ruin everything. I know that mother will not let Annie leave home, so it's no use to think of it. The red flag, Aaron—the red flag! Depend upon it, that's the first right thing to be done. Five or six hundred pounds in hand will make you feel like another person—give your courage, confidence, and energy."

"You may be right, Betsy; but I can't bear the thought of running out that red flag, of which you talk so lightly."

"Shall I say coward? Are you afraid to do what common prudence tells you is right?"

"I *was* afraid, Betsy; but am no longer faint-hearted. With such a brave little wife as you to stand by my side, I need not fear the world!"

In a week from that day the red flag was hung out. When the auctioneer made up his accounts, he had in hand a little over eight hundred pounds, for which a check was filled out to the order of Aaron Little. It came into his hands just at the right moment, and made him feel, to use his own words, "as easy as an old shoe." One week later, Mrs. Betsy Little took the place of Mr. Hobson, as chief manager and cash receiver in her husband's warehouse. There were some few signs of rebellion among the clerks and shop-girls at the beginning; but Mrs. Betsy had a quick, steady eye, and a self-reliant manner, that caused her presence to be felt, and soon made everything subservient to her will. It was a remarkable fact, that at the close of the first week of her administration of affairs, the cash receipts were over thirty pounds in excess of the receipts of any week within the previous three months.

"Have we done more business than usual this week?" she asked of one clerk and another; and the uniform answer was, "No."

"Then," said the lady to herself, "there's been foul play here. No wonder my husband was in trouble."

At the end of the next week, the sales came up to the same average, and at the end of the third week, were forty pounds better than before Mrs. Little undertook to manage the retail department. Whether there had been "foul play" or not, Aaron Little could never fully determine; but he was in no doubt as to one thing, and that was the easy condition of

the money market after the lapse of half a year.

For four or five months previous to Mrs. Little's administration of affairs, he was on the street for nearly half of his time, during business hours, engaged in the work of money raising; now his regular receipts had got in advance of his payments, so that his balance on the morning of each day was usually in excess of the notes to be lifted. Of course, he could give more attention to business; and, of course, business increased and grew more profitable under the improved system. By the end of the year, to use his own words, he was "all right." Not so a neighbor of his, who, to get more capital, had taken Mr. Lawrence as a partner. Instead of bringing in ten thousand pounds, that "capitalist" was only able to put down three thousand; and before the end of the year he had drawn out six or seven thousand, and had given notes of the firm for as much more in payment of old obligations. A failure of the house followed as an inevitable result.

When the fact of the failure, and the cause which led to it, became known to Mr. Little, he remarked, with a shrug:

"I'm sorry for B——; but he should have told his wife."

"Of what?" asked the person to whom he addressed the remark.

"Of his want of more capital, and intention to make a partner of Lawrence."

"What good would that have done?"

"It might have saved him from ruin, as it did me."

"You are mysterious, Little."

"Am I? Well, in plain words, a year ago I was hard up for money in my business, and thought of taking in Lawrence. I told my wife about it. She said, 'Don't do it.' And I didn't; for her 'Don't do it' was followed by suggestions as to his wife's extravagance that opened my eyes a little. I told her, at the same time, of my embarrassments, and she set her bright little head to work, and showed me the way to work out of them. Before this I always had a poor opinion of woman's wit in matters of business; but now I say to every man in trouble—'Tell your wife!'"—*English Magazine*.

People may mourn in lugubrious phrase about the Irish blood in our country. For our own part, we consider the rich, tender, motherly nature of the Irish girl an element a thousand times more hopeful in our population than the faded, washed-out indifferentism of fashionable women, who have danced and flirted away all their womanly attributes, till there is neither warmth, nor richness, nor maternal fullness left in them—mere paper dolls, without milk in their bosoms or blood in their veins. Give us rich, tender, warm-hearted Bridgets and Kathleens, whose instincts teach them the real poetry of motherhood; who can love unto death, and bear trials and pain cheerfully for the joy that is set before them. We are not afraid for the republican citizens that such mothers will bear to us. They are the ones that will come to high places in our land, and that will possess the earth by right of the strongest.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe*.

Queen Victoria's health has not been improved by her Highland trip.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this Journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employment, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general warfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 28, 1871.

CLARA BARTON AND HER WORK.

Among the many noble women who devoted themselves to the service of our sick and wounded soldiers during our civil war, Clara Barton was chief. She was the first woman to brave the horrors of the battle-field, itself, where, at the peril of her own life, she went to minister to the wounded and dying men; nor did her labors cease till the very close of the war.

But of this part of her noble and self-sacrificing life it is not now our purpose to speak; that deserves and shall receive a separate chronicle. We refer to it now, simply because out of it naturally grew the work which she has done in Europe during the Franco-German conflict—a work which ought to be as widely known in her own country as it is in the foreign land where it has made the name of Clara Barton the synonym of all true womanhood.

Miss Barton's work at home had so shattered her originally vigorous constitution that she was sent abroad by her physician with the injunction to rest and to enjoy herself. In obedience to this prescription, she had gone to Switzerland when France declared war, and at once she set out for the theatre of hostilities to see if she could be of service. But by the interruption of railway communications she was shut up between the armies for some weeks. On her return to Berne she learned that the Grand Duchess of Baden had been sending telegrams in quest of her all about the country. This Grand Duchess is the only daughter of King Frederick William of Prussia, the present Emperor of Germany; and being a most excellent and benevolent woman, she had at once, on the beginning of the war, interested herself in the organization of hospitals for the sick and wounded men.

She had heard and read much of the work of American women during our war, and the name of Clara Barton was, therefore, familiar to her. Having by chance learned that Miss Barton was in Europe, she had spared no pains to hunt her up, that she might ask her aid and counsel in the work which she had taken upon herself and in which Miss Barton's large experience would be so valuable.

As soon as Miss Barton heard of the Grand Duchess's wish for and need of her help, she at once obeyed the summons of this truly royal woman. The Grand Duchess received her joyfully, and at once begged of her to go through all the hospitals and suggest any changes, or point out any defects in their arrangements which her practical eye could detect, or her large experience could dictate.

All that she could do in this direction Miss Barton did in so modest a manner as to win for her golden opinions from all with whom she was brought into association. The Grand Duchess, a most unaffected, noble-souled and pure-minded woman, treated her American co-laborer more like a sister than a guest, and was never weary of listening to the incidents of hospital service in America which Miss Barton had to tell.

Just at this time the Duke of Baden was at the head of the division of the German army which was bombarding and besieging Strasbourg, and Miss Barton used often to say to her royal friend, "As soon as your husband has finished the destruction of that doomed city, I shall go to it at once; for I know what a bombarded city is and the awful need its inhabitants will have of help when the time of surrender comes. I will work for the Germans as long they need me; but when the French need me more, I shall go to them."

She was as good as her word, and no sooner had Strasbourg fallen than Miss Barton entered the city. The sight that met her eyes was even worse than she had imagined.

Twenty thousand people were homeless and absolutely without shelter; in one hospital alone lay three hundred women disabled by shot and shell. Some had lost one arm, some both; some had lost both legs, and some poor wretches were so awfully maimed as to have lost both legs and arms! Many, too, were suffering from the most frightful wounds, which one could not venture to describe; and yet, what tongue or pen shrinks from alluding to more awful realities to these agonized mortals! Little babies, too, were there, maimed for life by these shell wounds, having, like their mothers, lost an arm or a leg, and sometimes both.

For three months, day and night, the German forces had been throwing five shells a minute into the ill-fated city, and the havoc they had made was awful; the wonder was, not that so many people had been killed or wounded, but that anybody had escaped unharmed.

Men and women, squalid and filthy—naked, too, with perhaps the exception of a girdle of rags—were everywhere about the streets. Famine and sickness and despair reigned in the hapless city. It was an awful picture of human misery; and although appalled at the extent of the woe, Clara Barton felt that she must do what little she could to relieve, at least, a part of it. She returned at once to the palace of her friend, the Grand Duchess, and related what she had seen. Tears rolled down the cheeks of the sympathetic listener.

"But what can I do?" said she. "If I were to go to the help of Strasbourg, the Germans would consider me a traitor, and the French would distrust me as a spy; I will give you all the aid I can, only let no one know that I give anything, and you must go back and carry what we can collect."

The want of clothing was one of the most urgent needs, and the Grand Duchess herself ransacked her own and her children's wardrobe, and sent all of the clothing that was suitable to the boxes which Miss Barton was making up. The example was followed by the ladies of the court. With this, and with food and money, Miss Barton returned to the hapless city and distributed generously. Again and again the Duchess and others gave to their

almoner all sorts of supplies for the needy there, until, at last, Miss Barton wrote to her royal friend, "We are doing wrong. We are making beggars of this people. It was bad enough to strip them of their property, but to rob them of their self-respect is worse, and if we continue in the way we have begun, the moral injury to Strasbourg will be worse than the material effects of the bombardment. Something else must be done; some better way to help the needy must be discovered."

After thinking over the best way to help these poor people, Miss Barton resolved to give them work to do. When the crowd of applicants came to her, as they did daily, she had prepared a garment to be made, and she said to one of the women, "Can you sew?"

"Yes."

"Then will you make a skirt for me?"

The woman consented gladly.

"But where will you do it?" asked Miss Barton, knowing that the poor creature had no home to shelter her.

"Oh, I can sit out there on that stone," she said, pointing to one on the other side of the street. "It is sunny there, and not too cold."

Miss Barton gave her the work, and the next day it was brought back, badly done, to be sure, but Miss Barton paid her and made no comments. Proud of having earned something, the woman asked more work, and then Miss Barton kindly told her the garment was not made as she wished it, and showing her how it ought to be made, told her if she chose to take it again, rip out the bad sewing and remake it, she would pay her again. The woman gladly consented, and the next day it was quite respectably done.

Other women now began to ask for work, and Miss Barton purchased material and cut out garments of all sorts and sizes, for men, women and children, which she gave out to those who wished for work. The garments she gave away, but never to those who made them. Before long she had fifty women regularly at work for her, and the happiest creatures in the world to think that they could have an opportunity to earn something instead of begging for their children.

The people of Strasbourg had themselves formed a large society for the relief of their wretched and houseless poor. Hearing that a foreign woman had interested herself in their city, and was giving work to the poor, one of the principal members of their committee of aid called on her. He chanced to come on the regular pay day of Miss Barton's proteges. As the long line of women came in, bringing their work, to receive their pay and take a fresh supply, he looked on in amazement.

"We are trying to help those unfortunate people," at last he said; "but we are only making beggars of them."

"I knew it," replied Miss Barton; "I began that myself; but I have changed my method, and it appears to me it is successful."

"Who is the president of your society?" asked the gentleman.

"I suppose I am, if there is one," said Miss Barton.

"And who is your secretary?"

"My friend, Miss Zimmerman, keeps our books," was the reply.

"And who is your treasurer?"

Miss Barton smiled.

"As we have very little money, and that all

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our own, we have not needed a treasurer. We keep our accounts merely for our own satisfaction."

"You are doing a better work than we," said the committee-man. "Will you allow me to bring some other friends to see you and hear your plan of aid?"

Miss Barton consented gladly, and the result was a visit from a delegation of the citizens of Strasbourg, who, after seeing her work, begged her to come and take charge of her attempt at charity.

"We have money enough," they said; "but we would like to adopt your method of distributing it, and as you have shown so much good management, we beg you to come and take the control of our funds, and so carry on the work you have begun on a larger scale."

"On two conditions I will accept the post," said Miss Barton. "The first, that you will take my fifty women among your workers, and the second, that all charities bestowed shall be given by some of you. It is too hard for me to decide who among these miserable wretches shall be the recipients of aid. Where all are so poor I cannot bear to refuse any, and yet I know some discrimination must be used. I will take the care of the work-room, but some of you must decide to whom the work shall be given, and shall pay the women when the work is done."

"But in that case," said the committee, "you do all the work and no one will know of your efforts. We shall get all the credit and all the blessings of the poor; while you, who are really the prime mover of the plan, will be lost sight of."

"Nonsense about the credit and the thanks," replied Miss Barton. "If the work is carried on and the good done, who cares about the applause to be gained. You are welcome to that. Only help me in the way I propose."

"If those are your feelings and that your spirit, we shall be only too happy to carry out your plans," said the committee, and the work began with fresh vigor.

For eight months Miss Barton took the charge of what grew to be a vast enterprise. With the money given liberally by the citizens, work was abundant, and the poor of Strasbourg soon became far better off than those of almost any other city of France.

The families of French soldiers imprisoned in Germany were kept by the women in comparative comfort, who must, without this work, have sunk into beggary. On the return of the soldiers, many of them came to thank and bless Miss Barton for the aid she had given their wives and children, for in spite of the fear of the committee that she would not get her share of the credit due her, such was not the case.

All Strasbourg delighted to do her honor. Painters and sculptors begged for the opportunity to take her portrait, and there was a general expression of regret when the time came for her departure.

But when the imprisoned soldiers began to return, and trade began to revive, she felt that her work was done. The Commune was just then reigning in Paris, but its days were numbered. "I shall be needed in Paris," she said, and she asked of the committee the privilege of buying the work brought in for the last few days before her departure from Strasbourg.

Of course they consented, and as soon as

the Commune fell, she started for Paris with her garments. She applied to the prefect to know where she could go to distribute this clothing, and how she could do it to the best advantage. He was equally amazed and delighted at her generosity, and at once sent for the maire of one of the most needy districts.

"Come to my house," said the maire, "and I will aid you in this good work."

"But is not your house too nice for such business," objected Miss Barton. "Will not the crowd of the poor be troublesome to your family?"

"No house is too good, no trouble too great when such suffering and need are to be relieved," he replied, and he showed that he meant what he said. He took Miss Barton home with him, and helped her in the judicious distribution of the aid she had to give.

By this time Miss Barton was pretty well tired out; but her work was not yet done.

Mr. Dwight, the gentleman who was sent over to bring the generous contributions made by Boston to aid the French sufferers, had disposed of a large part of the funds of which he had been the bearer; but he was taken ill, and could not remain longer. He was anxious that the remainder of the funds should be distributed to the best advantage, and he begged Miss Barton to take the charge of the sum which remained. At first she felt that she could not assume any further responsibility; but Mr. Dwight was so urgent that she at last consented.

She is now about to go to Dijon and Belfort, where but little has as yet been done to aid the peasants who have suffered greatly from the war, and when there she will distribute and dispose of the generous gift of Boston to the best of her ability. And then, and not till then, she will take the rest which she so much needs.

THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE" ON THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, with a large circulation and an able corps of editors, so that even its nonsense and sophisms have a literary excellence superior to most other evening papers, has always manifested all possible indignation against the federal authorities for employing its own forces on police duties in the enforcement of the revenue laws against rum makers and other miscreants, because it deems these acts unnecessary, absurd, suspicious of loyalty, and an unwonted interference with the duties of the local authorities, to be considered a disgrace and insult to the city government. So far, so good.

But when the women protest against taxes imposed and collected without representation; laws operating against their personal, natural, and inherent right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; when they meet together, as do men, to consult on matters of grave moment to all women, to all society, and for all coming time, the *Eagle* descends from its lofty eyrie and prostitutes its gigantic intellectual powers and immense evening circulation to feeble efforts at ridicule.

The *Eagle* thinks boldness necessary in a woman to edit a newspaper anywhere; but in Philadelphia—the city of brotherly love, and the home of Quakerdom—the masculine quality of boldness, in an increased degree, is essential. Ergo! Mrs. Wittenmeyer must be

a bold, extra bold woman, and her utterances, on account of her boldness, authoritative. The logic of this is quite irresistible; but we must dissent from the promises of this erudite exponent of the logical sequences of Mrs. W.'s suggestion. In our opinion, unless better materials are formed than those of the *Eagle* and its class, no amount of boldness is necessary for a woman to edit a paper anywhere.

Masculine editors have a facile pen in recording current events, describing accidents and horrid scenes; but when they attempt the discussion of cardinal principles, great fundamental truths, or logical arguments, they not only fail in the comprehension, but usually they are unable to distinguish the predicate from the conclusion, and so imagine that they are perpetrating a huge, logical joke, when they are only exposing their own imbecility. Look at this: Mrs. Wittenmeyer suggested in a public meeting that women should vote by "holding up their hands." Straightway the *Eagle* goes into ecstasies over the conclusion that this suggestion must forever shut the mouths of women on all public occasions, and all forbidden subjects; and gets off half a column of the softest trash, the most miserable nonsense, only fit to emanate from the brain of a second-class idiot; laboring all the while under the delusion that it was inflicting a first-class scare on strong-minded women, or that it was indulging in extinguishing irony.

In keeping with this is the assumption that Mrs. Stanton or Mrs. Anybody else may not have subjects fit only for female ears, because pertaining to matters belonging to the sex. During all this flow of masculine mental weakness, the *Eagle* seems wholly unconscious of the fact that voting in public meetings and legislative bodies with uplifted hands is a common practice, and logically must shut the mouths of all ranters, spouters, and aspirants for oratorical honors on bidden and forbidden subjects—at the polls and elsewhere. And these are the "critters," and this the bombast demanding boldness and ability to demolish. Fie on the *Eagle*, to soil its feathers by such a descent.

VANITY.

BY FREDERIC R. MARVIN.

Lo! I have suffered deeply
In passion and in pain;
The fruits of life have tasted,
I will not taste again.
Where sang the birds in summer—
Where bloomed the flowers in June,
The winter snows are drifting
Beneath the silver moon.

The solemn lights are darkened,
The harp's sweet sounds are o'er,
The singing times are ended,
They will return no more.
The flowers were bruised in anger,
The grapes were crushed in vain,
There came no wine of laughter
From out the fruit of pain.

Thackeray, in one of his "Roundabout Papers," says it is better to pass an evening, once or twice a week, in a drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and the girl's song is known by heart, than in a club or tavern, or pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely upon it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, and have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure.

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THE MANAGING EDITORS OF TWO CITIES.

Mr. Kinsella, strictly speaking, is not the managing editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, but he is its chief; and its success, in a great measure, is due to his personal popularity. The paper has no regular manager; it runs itself; and with the aid of all the editors succeeds in holding its own, as a leading local journal. But Mr. Kinsella is its life, and without his inspiring presence and his great abilities it would lose much in interest to the people of Brooklyn.

Like its neighbor and rival, the *Eagle* is under the control of what is here termed "foreign talent," for both Mr. Kinsella and his lieutenant, Wm. Wood, are foreigners by birth, as is the present managing editor of the *Union*. And therein lies the success of both these Brooklyn papers. They are controlled by men who are not influenced by local prejudices, or fettered by any other considerations than those pertaining to their duty as editors. Mr. Kinsella, as a man, is admirably adapted for the work he performs, and, as a journalist, is most happy in the selection of the medium through which he expresses himself. The *Eagle* is literally his paper, and when, for a day or two, he neglects to contribute one of his strong and well-timed leaders, there is felt a want, a necessity that is lacking in its make up.

In a city like Brooklyn, whose confines touch the limits of another and larger city, a paper to succeed must be marked by strong individuality—must be a one man's paper, and that man a genius in his way. When the people are accustomed to the best array of morning papers edited in the world, it is absolutely necessary to offer in an afternoon local something sprightly, something original and always fresh. This Mr. Kinsella is enabled to do, because he combines each and all these requisites in one, and is, aside from it, a widely-known and highly-respected gentleman, and altogether a popular man with the people.

In the small space permitted here, it is impossible to treat of his early life; of his first efforts in our midst as a writer; or of his influential position now as a politician. Suffice to say that he is an ornament to his adopted home, as he is a credit to the land of his birth, and both are proud to claim him as a representative.

As a friend of the working woman, Mr. Kinsella's position is more distinctly defined than are his expressed views on the subject of universal suffrage. Whether or not he favors this act of justice to the weaker sex we are not able to state, and were we to judge from the expressions sometimes given forth in the *Eagle*, we should be inclined to think he was its opponent. But such sentiments are rarely if ever even sanctioned by him, and personally he never writes a line to disparage a cause he knows is so dear to the hearts of the millions. To individual women, who perchance are forced to earn their bread, he is the true friend, the kind admonisher and the interested well-wisher. And we, who honor him well and love him for all his noble deeds and unchanging friendship, feel that to claim him as a friend of the working woman is to write him the upholder and defender of the one thing needful to render her hard fate bearable, and her condition of servitude endurable.

And while his reason condemns and his judgment discards all the lugged-in "isms" and disgusting doctrines of some of the so-called friends of the cause, he is true to the interests of the sex, and will always be found the ready champion of every true and pure woman as he is of every humane and just cause.

LOUIS J. JENNINGS,

of the New York *Times*, will always be remembered gratefully by Americans as the instigator and leader of the great Tammany Ring exposures. His knowledge of our politics enabled him to rightly estimate the power of this clique, and their immense possibilities for either good or bad, while his position as an Englishman gave him the opportunity to wage war upon a faction which in no way crippled or endangered his position as a journalist.

On all the vital questions of the day his course as managing editor of this independent sheet has been high-minded and courageous, and the manner in which he has conducted his paper, and the perseverance with which he has followed up each new disclosure with tangible proof, evinces his perfect acquaintance with the work he has in hand, and has pledged himself to perform.

By birth an Englishman, Mr. Jennings has been, since his earliest manhood, a journalist, and few editors have had a more varied experience.

His first position of importance was that of associate editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and later he became a regular contributor to the *London Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*.

He was likewise a correspondent of the *London Times*, both in India and America, and was the successor in this country of Dr. Mackay. He at once changed the tone of the war news as given previously in the letters of the American correspondent, and from the first looked with favor upon the institutions which so few Englishmen ever honor with an acquaintance.

In August, 1869, Mr. Jennings accepted a position on the New York *Times*, and has not only restored that paper to its original high position as a leading news organ, but has won for it the prestige it enjoyed during the lifetime of Henry J. Raymond.

The good work he has inaugurated is being followed up by all the other papers, irrespective of party, and the battle opened by an Englishman will finally end in ousting from office the leaders of the Irish element in this country, who by reason of their nationality and their money have heretofore had the control of their ballots.

As a journalist, we honor Mr. Jennings; as a man, we only know of him in connection with his work on the *Times*; but we gather happy auguries from the fact that, as he has become the friend of truth and justice in one matter, he will not fail to be the exponent of these great principles in others, and in good time we shall be seconded in our great work by this defender of American civil liberty.

WORK FOR THE FALLEN.

The women of Washington have begun a great work, and in the right way; and we are happy to learn that there has been a cordial response to their appeals for aid in carrying it out. About \$800 has already been contributed, and the collection has but commenced.

A Home is to be secured at the earliest practicable moment, and while the way is paved for the return of the fallen, the hands of sympathetic sisters will be stretched out to welcome them back, and make reformation easy. Moreover, a new and more Christian public sentiment is superceding the old, and inviting the wandering to return without probing inquests into their history, and those extorted confessions which destroy all self-respect in the persons who make them.

A Washington woman writes: "We are told of the father in the parable, that 'he fell on his son's neck and kissed him,' uttering no word of reproach, and we all know about the 'fatted calf,' the gorgeous raiment, and all signs of rejoicing over the lost one returned. Stray lines like these set one thinking, and at times one is wild enough, while the tender words of the Saviour or the teachings of his first followers are ringing through our hearts like celestial music, we doubt the wisdom and justice of man's legislation. This is a temporal world, and we must look to temporal things; we must feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and pour oil and balm into the yet gaping wounds, before we talk of self-examination. How dare we, who stand each on the brink of such a terrible possibility ourselves, judge another who has fallen into the abyss.

"That is no religion, though vouched for by a whole bench of bishops, which is not so practical, at the same time so simple, as to 'fit in' every hour of our daily life. Looking into the causes of the evil, the same pitiful story repeats itself again and again. Youthful ignorance betrayed, and once betrayed the world shuts the door, and makes return impossible. The same cry goes up from each victim, 'Help me to live, and I will leave this life to-morrow, and bless you for the chance!' 'I can't support a mother and two children on fifty cents a day; I tried it for weeks, and I can't see them starve. Then you'll not pay for honest work as they will for sinful indulgences.' And so the fearful accusation against a world is filed! Assuredly, men will not pay for honest work as they will for the ruin of body and soul. In the Government printing office, in this city, are women, laboring from eight to five o'clock to support families, on twelve and fifteen cents a day, by 'folding,' a tedious process, paid for by the 'piece,' and bringing in to the quickest not more than seventy cents per day; while some of the highest in authority in different departments of business do not hesitate to derive large revenues from the evil we are striving to suppress, and few can say their hands are clean from guilt. Therompylæ had no defenders so zealous as those who fight against this reform."

Many causes undoubtedly conspire to produce the evil we deplore, an evil older than history, and which has baffled the wisdom of the world's wisest, the goodness of her best men. And undoubtedly the only radical reform must go back of symptoms and causes, and make the evil impossible by destroying its roots. Still there must be efforts to check its workings and mitigate its effects; and of all the efforts which have yet been proposed, the method suggested by our sisters in Washington has the best promise of beneficent issue and the largest measure of success. Hitherto the work has been too much in the hands of

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Special Notices.

WANTED, all the numbers of **THE REVOLUTION** from June, 1870, to 1871, for which a liberal price will be paid.

DR. ELIZABETH S. ADAMS has returned to her Office, 54 West 26th Street, New York, after an absence of two weeks, making a tour of Saratoga, Lake George, Sharon Springs, Round Hill, Northampton and Lake Mahopac.

Our infant has been brought safely through the critical period of teething by the sole aid of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. We advise all parents to procure it.—*Mississippi Baptist.*

It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and by giving rest and health to the child, comforts the mother.

Our readers will have noticed an advertisement in late issues of our paper, which, from the generous amount of space occupied, and the attractive manner in which they appear, cannot fail of catching the eye of every reader. Helmbold's Extract of Buchu has been before the public many years, and, although, during that time, hundreds of advertised medicines have, like Napoleon, "rose, reigned and fell," Helmbold's Buchu has steadily increased in popularity until it has now become an indispensable standard remedy. It is a thoroughly scientific preparation, and is for sale by all druggists.

Among the many high testimonials upon the virtues of the above article, we find room for the following only:

[*Dr. Keyser is a physician of over thirty years' experience, and a graduate of the Jefferson Medical College, and the University of Medicine and Surgery of Philadelphia.*]

Mr. H. T. Helmbold:

DEAR SIR: In regard to the question asked me as to my opinion about Buchu, I would say that I have used and sold the article in various forms for the past thirty years. I do not think there is any form or preparation of it I have not used, or known to be used in the various diseases where such medicate agent would be indicated. You are aware, as well as myself, it has been used extensively in the various diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, and the reputation it has acquired, in my judgment, is warranted by the facts.

I have seen and used, as before stated, every form of Buchu—the powdered leaves, the simple decoction, tincture, fluid extracts—and I am not cognizant of any preparation of that plant at all equal to yours. Twelve years' experience ought, I think, to give me the right to judge of its merits, and without prejudice or partiality, I give yours precedence over all others.

I value your Buchu for its effect on patients. I have cured with it, and seen cured with it, more diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys than I have ever seen cured with any other Buchu, or any other proprietary compound of whatever name.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

GEO. H. KEYSER, M. D.,

140 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

[*Pittsburg Dispatch.*]

men; and at the best, their efforts have been clumsy and bungling, defeating themselves. It is left for women, with quicker wit, and finer perceptions, and stronger sympathies, and more delicate persuasiveness, to try their art. We have perfect faith that the result will demonstrate that this is emphatically woman's reform, and that what man could not accomplish she will finally effect. And what has been so promisingly begun in Washington let the philanthropical women of the country take up and carry forward to a successful result. Indeed, the success of the movement at the capital depends very largely upon the simultaneous and sympathetic action of women in other cities and towns.

THE SUICIDE.

His eye was stern and wild, his cheek was pale and cold as day,
Upon his tightened lip a smile of fearful meaning lay.
He mused awhile, but not in doubt, no trace of doubt was there—
It was the steady, solemn pause of resolute despair.

Once more he looked upon the scroll, once more its words he read,
Then calmly, with unflinching hands, the folds before him laid
I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue, cold, gleaming steel,
And grimly try the tempered edge he was so soon to feel.

A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head,
I could not speak, I could not cry, I felt benumbed and dead.
Black, icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er;
I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more.

Again I looked; across his face a fearful change had passed;
He seemed to rave—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast.
He raised on high the glittering blade, then first I found I had a tongue.
"Hold, madman, stay the frantic deed!" I cried, and forth I sprung.
He heard me, but he heeded not; one glance around I gave,
And ere I could arrest his hand, he had begun to shave.

THE REVOLUTION.—TERMS.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

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Extract from the New York Tribune.

THE COMPLETION OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE!—The work upon the bridge is proceeding rapidly, and, when finished, few persons can estimate the effects upon our neighboring city. Brooklyn's material progress has been the marvel of statisticians; every decade it has almost doubled its population, and has been for years the favorite residence of large numbers of our bankers and wholesale merchants. A first-class retail business has been fostered there, and, in especial, the manufacture of fine furniture. Brooklyn can boast of many fine furniture establishments, which employ artists who design the most elaborate patterns, and workmen who execute the choicest work. Prominent among these is the house of Messrs. Lang & Nau, Nos. 292 and 294 Fulton street. Their establishment is located about the proposed terminus of the new bridge. These gentlemen have added new warehouses, and are prepared to fill any orders in their line. We believe that at no distant day the two cities will be united. We call the attention of our New York readers to the establishment of Messrs. Lang & Nau. It can be reached now by any of the cars leaving the foot of Fulton street, in from five to eight minutes, and a visit of those intending to refurnish their houses will repay them well.

Extract from the New York Times.

BROOKLYN.—Probably more than one-half of our merchants and bankers reside in Brooklyn. One of the effects of this is the rapid growth of large retail stores which rival our most extensive establishments. Pass along Fulton street, for four miles, also through Atlantic and Myrtle avenues, and they will be found crowded with stores well filled, and some of them exceeding ours in display. Sharing largely in this prosperity is its furniture business. The house of Messrs. Lang & Nau, Nos. 292 and 294 Fulton street, is one of the best for furniture in this country. They are practical cabinet-makers, and employ artists who design, and workmen who execute, the most elaborate and artistic furniture. Our citizens would do well to examine their stock before purchasing. All the passenger cars running up Fulton street pass their establishment.

AN AMERICAN LADY, of refinement, having met with reverses, desires a remunerative position as travelling companion, or would superintend the household affairs of an invalid lady. Address, Office of *THE REVOLUTION*, Box 3093, N. Y.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. C. D. GOODMAN, Cleveland, Ohio, has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine four and a half years with the same No. 2 needle that came in it without breaking or blunting it.

ELOCUTION.

Miss Fanny Winship will receive a limited number of pupils, and give private lessons to young ladies who wish to prepare themselves as readers, lecturers, or for the stage. For particulars, apply at No. 48 Fourth Place, Brooklyn.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, North College avenue, and Twenty-second street, Philadelphia, Pa. The twenty-second annual session will begin on Thursday, October 5, 1871. Clinical advantages of an extended character are provided. For catalogue and other information, address

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Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these Pills rapidly cure:—

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For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice or Green Sickness, Bilious Colic and Bilious Fever**, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery or Diarrhea**, but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins**, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy and Dropsical Swellings**, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

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As a **Dinner Pill**, take one or two Pills to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these Pills makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

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From the Independent, (N. Y.) December, 1870.

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